"MILLENNIAL MILL"

A Story of One Millionaire.

MY W. R. MERRILL.

Whea old Jones Fletcher lay down to die, after sixe years of life spent in money getting he bit for the first time the full sighificance of the bitter proverb he had heard :

"There are no pockets in the shroud !" He had accomulated a great fortune, and all that now renained to him was the privilege of giving it away; a privilege which the habits of his life had done little to render dear to him. It he could so invest his wealth that it abould continue to roll on and Increase in bulk, adding to the renown of his name through future years, it would mirigate in some measure his pain at leaving it. If by in some measure his pain at leaving it. If by some cunningly drawn will his dead hand could actually mease the property long after that hand had corgotten its cunning in the dust of the tonb, the thought would soften his dying pillow. But as the failing millionaire could neither centrol his property longer, nor take it with him, he bequeathed it to his only som; calculated mechanically how he might have made the sum larger; fretted feebly at the thought off tap possible dispersion or loss; gave careful commel as to its management, and then turned his face to the wall and died, as poor a man, at last, as any pauper, rattling in the city cart to the Potter's Field.

And so it happened the Haveld Fietcher in

blied the heir.
"Well, what will you do with it?"
"With what?"

"With what?"

"With wat?"

"With your money!"

"What do you suppose?" retorted Harold, with a slight smile, and tooking into his friend's face with a sudden flash of interest in his eyes.

"Oh, there are but three courses; Either cut is swell and spend it like a fool—which you can't do, though it's rather the commonest way. Or let some wise uncle or prudent lawyer invest it for you, and settle down to spend the income as the head of a family of respectable needles, earning nothing and doing nothing, and being nothing except a perar bulsting money-lags. Or go to work like a dummy engine or a galley slave for the rest of your natural life, to make each million two—and so lengthen your obituary notice of your natural life, to make each million two—and so lengthen your obituary notice three inches in the papers when you die, and bequeath a row to your relatives and fat pickings to the lawyers. You has your money and you takes your choice. "I haughed the cynical Bohemian, as though he enjoyed immensely his own freedom from the conjured dilemma.
"But what is your idea."

feet, ch? Give themselves away, I suppose — or walk off, more likely! Well, as it's a riddle I give it up. By the way, how deuced dull that I didn't think to ask a loan of fifty. The young Crossus would have had that much less to perplex him. I'll just step in and take a bite on the strength of not forgetting it the next time I meet him."

the strength of not forgetting it the next time I meet him."

And the young man with large ideas as to the use of money, but with the common lack of means to put them into practice, disappeared in a popular café.

A month later, as Harold Fletcher walked down the street of the factory town where the mill stood, to whose management he had succeeded, he did not appear at all like a man who was given to perplexing himself over riddles. He would certainly not have been taken for a reformer with the responsibility of the universe resting on his shoulders. He did not wear his hair long, nor part it in any unusual manner. His clothes were not seedy nor his face thin and preternaturally solemn, nor his eyes wild and rolling. On the contrary, he looked like any well-to-do young business gentieman. He walked with a firm, quick step; took in with a bright, sharp look everything that he passed; had a pleasant smile and friendly greeting for the acquaintances whom he met; stood squarely on his feet like a man and looked you straight in the eyes when he talked to you as though there were nothing back of those grave blue eyes of his that he was afraid to have seen.

Harold had studied the history of the manufactory, and investigated for himself the condition of the workmen; and now he had sent them word to appoint a committee of their number to confer with him. They had known what hard times meant, under old Jonas, and heard of the young heir's accession with some hope, not unmingled with suspicion.

"These young chaps, they makes the

and died, as poor a man, at last, as any pauper, ratting in the city dur't to the Potter's Field.

And so it happened that Harold Fletcher, in his thirtieth year, became one of the richest men in his martire city.

Upon leaving college he did not buy a yacta nor a stade of fast horses; he neither joined an amafeur coach club nor went to Europe. He entred his father's counting room and took a regular position, working list way up until he had mastered the bualness, from the draggery and routine to the yeast store of traditing, principles, rules and outsoms that enter he to the management of a great manufacturing and mercantile house.

At the end of three-ears Harold was made a partner and intrusted with an important department of the brakess. He might have had a nominal connestic, and an ornamental position before; but he would as soon have shought of buying a diplog as college as of the ladd. He had the first the corner of the substitution of the subst

There were thee dark brows and set faces

in the committe.

"A business concration," continued Harold, without appeans to notice the sudden clouding of his audors' faces, "a great business of any kindcal berun by a mass meeting. Yet I've heard by who wouldn't trust three cocks over a bro' talk about running a mill or a railroad by show of hands in some sort of caucus. No by needs more than one head, but it needs at. There have been too many sub-hits and other expensive members in this beiness. On my recommendation," continued by youg President, with a slight emphasion the last word, and a smile as he spoke it; the Board of Directors yesterday reduced the salaries of its officers and agents \$45,000. Neman can get \$20,000 a year from this covern any longer—nor \$15,000, nor \$10,000. To man needs it for any rational ways of living And what they can't carn and don't nee they shan't receive.

three inches in the papers when voide, and the papers when void die and the papers and fat pickings to the lawyers. You has your money and you akes your choice, "I sughed the cynical Bohemian, as though he enjoyed immensely his own freedom from the conjured dilemma.

But what is your idea, "persisted Harold, and end of the million of dellars? That's my porthitic, "I want to bave you men, and all the men, which is you be wise hypothetically. Be kind enough to drop a little wisdom in my behaif." "What—would—I—do—if—I—had—a—million—dollars?" returned the artist, slowly, "Fd get all together in one spot, the first thing, when I could look as it. Pd stup wife it. I'd jingle h. Pd count it. Pd is bave such a clance party—but this last exactly ended the some way to take care of it, the first thing, for riches have wings, you know."

"Yes. I've heard something of that sort," reylied Harold, a little dryl." Now the only idea I have on the subject is that riches have hands and feet, as well as wings. That's as face, a live got."

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"Yes, live hand something of that sort, in the risk, ordinary men will put their may be a subject in the riches have hands and feet, as well as wings. That's as face, a live got."

"Yes, live and some the party-thand the men of the p do better and feel better than you are doing. You ought to have homes of your own. Your wives and children are entitled to a better chance. I have thought at all over, and I don't see my way clear to giving you a partnership in the profits of the business when you can than no share in the business when you can than no share in the business when you can than no share in the business when you can than no share in the business when you can the post to the share that what is a fair return on my money invested here. But what is a fair return on my money investe

FULTON MARKET.

City Ofth Miss-Millions of Pounds of Fish Hanned There is a Single Year— They Got the City by All Ways and Never Glut to Market

One of the sight that is often overlooked by people visiting the city is the wholesale fish division of Fulty Market. The building itself is a long, the story, dingy-looking affair running from par 22 to pier 23 East River. It was built in 1878, soon after the fire swept the old market som existence. The old market was nothing more than a

collection of ramshackle rokeries that had stood on the spot since the arliest recollection of the oldest New Yorker, The market itself has been in existence sine before the beginning of the present century

A visit to this place on a Friday porning is highly interesting, as it presents t scene of bustling activity not to be witnesed claswhere in the city.

up along Nantucket, and then it takes them three weeks to make a round trip.

These vessels are owned by the marketmen as a rule, but there are some that are owned by the skippers themselves. If owned by the skippers they discharge their cargo and trust to the honesty of their commission merchants to receive their money.

This commission merchant sells to the best advantage and either forwards the fishermen their money by mail or by express. The commission merchant gets a percentage for his work, which includes storage, cost of removal and pay for his services.

The amount obtained for the cargo depends wholly upon the state of the market. If there is a large supply prices are low, and vice versa.

If the New York market is short of any-If the New York market is short of anything a telegraphic despatch to Boston will bring the desired amount inside of twenty-four hours. The fish are then brought in a train from Boston as far as the Harlem River, and from that point transferred to the market in a little boat. When brought by way of the railroad the fish are packed in boxes holding 400 or 500 pounds each.

Fancy fish are received from all points of the United States and Canada, from all kinds of people, and in consignments of from

rancy is a received from all points of the United States and Canada, from all kinds of people, and in consignments of from twenty-five pounds to twenty-five barrels. Some are sent by men who make fishing a regular business, and a good quantity is received from people who fish for amusement. There are several stock companies in the Eastern States, who employ hundreds of men in the business. They send them off in the interior and tell them to return at a certain time, but the Fulton Market fishmongers deal with them very lightly.

The supply in Fulton Market comes from points extending up into the interior of Canada and in our own lakes, rivers and ponds, but the largest amount comes from the shores.

From Canada we get eels, bass, smelts and salmon in abundance. From Oregon and

WERE WE GET OUR FISH.

piers, with an unexpired term of eighteen years.

Not much business is done in cysters and clams, as this branch of the business is carried on at the foot of West Touth street and and at Broome street and the East River.

THIS DOG COULD REASON.

He Bided Rio Time Until He Caught His Enemy at a Disadvantage.

(From the Pitteburg Press, ! In Youngstown, not a great while ago, Henry Tod, son of famous old Gov. Tod, owned a handsome Newfoundland dog. Mr. Tod, at the time I speak of, lived near his furnaces. Nearby, clustered together on what

is known as Brier Hill, were a number of furnace hands' dwellings.

The most notable member of one of the households in this neighborhood was a large buildog, square of jaw and surly of disposition. He used to sit on the doorstep and show his teeth to strangers, whether they happened to be human or canine.

One day a small nondescript pup, a terrier of doubtful parentage, whose residence was

One day a small nondescript pup, a terrier of doubtful parentage, whose residence was not far from Mr. Tod and his Newfoundland dog, chanced to be taking the air and anything else he could get in the balliwick of the bulldog. The latter was particularly ill-humored that morning and no sooner did he cast eyes on the small pup than he gave chase, caught the poor little fellow and chewed him up pretty thoroughly before he let him go.

where in the city.

In the market there are about a skyre of firms conducting business. They each employ an average of ten hands, and when these helpers get to work and the crowd is perceased by a like number of retail dealer, who are there to get their day's stock, the market presents a great sight.

And the fish that are handled in this building! What a quantity! It is estimated that over 35,000,000 pounds passed through the market last year.

Little is known of the way in which such largest demand is for codish, as it is one of the staples and is cheap.

A large portion of the codish that is sold in Fulton Market is caught on the Jersey coast, off Sandy Hook. The fishing schooners go down once a week and bring up a big load of fish, a large part, of which is kept alive until sold.

The fish are kept alive by putting them in a tank—called a well—which is built in the hold of the vessel; These wells will hold undreds of codish weighing from four to ten pounds each. The dead lish are packed in chopped ice and frozen,

The boats land in the market slip and unload, which usually takes a couple of days, and they then return to the place they halied from.

These vessels come from the Eastern coast, up along Nantucket, and then it takes them three weeks to make a round trip.

These vessels are owned by the marketmen as a rule, but there are some that are owned by the skippers themselves. If owned is seen to be a constrained that the condition of the dender of the dender of the dender of the dead is a couple of days, and they then return to the place they halied from.

These vessels are owned by the marketmen as a rule, but there are some that are owned by the skippers themselves. If owned the first of the dender o

sharp bark as he caucht sight of the bulldog sitting on the doorstepand trying to keep out of the drenching downcour.

The bulldog heard the challenge, for such it seemed to be, and wared slowly, with the stately determination in his manner peculiar to his breed, towards the Newfoundland. There were no preliminaries to the ferce fight which began at once. The Newfoundland rushed on his fee and tolled him over, but the bulldog, as he west down, got a pretty good hold of the Newfoundland's throat. Strange to tell, the Newfoundland didn't make any attempt to shake off his antagonist. In point of fact, to the spectators who saw the fight, it seemed as if the Newfoundland was trying to escape by flight, for he ran off as soon as the bulldog got his grip. The bulldog hung on, and the Newfoundland ran until he was at the bank of one of the deep gullies to which reference has been made. The Newfoundland didn't stoy at the bank, however. He jumped into the tream,

made. The Newfoundland didn't stop at the bank, however. He jumped into the stream, which speedily rolled him and the clinging buildog over and over.

This was fun for the water dog, but depressing if not deadly for his companion, A minute later the Newfoundland emerged from the gully, but the buildog no longer hung from his neck. By the time the Newfoundland rejoined the small terrier, who had been an interested and anxious observer of the fight and its sequel, the buildog also scrambled out of the torrent.

But the buildog was not asking for more fight. He was half drowned, and a more muddy, bedraggled, forlorn object never was seen.

seen. So the Newfoundland and the terrier trotted off home, evidently in the best of trotted off home, evidently in the best of humor.

Now, did the Newfoundland and the terrier wait for the rain storm, knowing that vengeance would be more easily wreaked on the bulldog when the gullies were flooded?

That's the conclusion one would come to if it were granted that dogs possess some higher mental power than instinct.

THE HOSPITABLE TWO KELS.

Early Marsing Hour-Friends Who Con-gratulated Personally and by Telegram —The Event Was a Booming Success in Every Particular.

The two Kels-Capt Mike and Umpire John-were the happiest men in town last night. Their new saloon, at Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue, was formally opened, and there was a great time.

and there was a great time.

The two proprietors, dressed in neat Prince Albert suits, extended acordial welcome to all who called to wish them well, and were congratulated until their faces beamed their utmost with pleasure.

A description of their newly fitted resort was published in The Evenino World. It is a very attractive place and will be mighty convenient to the baseball men and sports in general who will congregate there this Winter in jolly goodfellowship.

About thirty-five friends of the Kels from Boston attended the opening.

Among thom were William Conant, a director of the Boston Baseball Club; Dan Murphy, Sullivan's old trainer; Albert Simmons, agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Boston, and John Graham.

Graham.

In the smoking-room, back of the barroom, hung large pictures of Mike and John on either side of a richly framed picture of John L. Sullivan.

The pictures of the two Kels were presented to them by Boston friends.

But what seemed to take Mike Kelly's fancy above all eise was an Expert Columbia bicycle, which his friends, Jordan Marsh & Co., the Boston dry-goods men, presented to him for making more runs than any other player in the Boston Club. Mike will use the machine to keep his muscles in good trim.

The opening entertainment was at its best just before midnight. A sumptuous spread had been laid on a long table in the parior, directly over the salcon proper, and at this time a crowd of good-natured men were making attacks on it with marked effect.

Among those who enjoyed the genial proprietors' hospitality, besides the Bostonians mentioned, were President Day, Manager Mutric, Pete Conway, pitcher of the Detroit Club this year; Fred Dunlap, of the Pittsburgs, and "Joeco" Fields, also of Pittsburgs.

It was much regretted that Sullivan.

burgs, and "Joeco" Fields, also burg.

It was much regretted that Sullivan, Mitchell and Kilrain were unable to be around to represent the ring.

John L. sent a telegram of congratulations, and Charley and Jake sent pleasant letters, washing all kinds of success. The only thing to suggest pugilism was a large picture of Jack McAuliffe, which hung in the smoking-room.

Telegrams of congratulation were received from George Pezurri, a prominent sporting man of New Orleans: C. W. H. Sanborn, of Beston; L. H. Lyford, of Omaha; J. J. Murphy, the billiard-room man, of Boston,

and many others.

The fun lasted until towards morning, and

The Watl of the British Maldon.

[Prom Puck.]

On ! take away the Yankee girl,
We cahn't endure her manners.—
She wears her hair in fris and curl,
She's dressed in spangled banners.
Her brain is large, her foot is small,
Her waint is amall and taper,
She's voted by the Frince and all
To be the "proper capen."

But, on ! we cann't endure her style—
She's loud and independent,
She's "talior-made" and siangy, while
Her stockings are resplendent.
No more can we, with all our arts,
Draw duke or earl anigh us—
She captures coronets and hearts,
Because her pa could buy us. Cut This Out and Wait.

Cut This Out and Wait.

Save this and wait until Monday, Nov. 26, at 3 o'clock. Mr. Bennett, representing the assignees of six large wholesale firms that falled, hereby gives notice that they have hired for eleven days the two large double buildings 645 and 651 Broadway, being an entire block through to the next street, and the two largest vacant buildings they could find in New York City. The entire six clocks, representing nearly four million dollars (84, 000,000) worth of goods, will be consolidated into one monster rand assignee's sale, making the largest sale of the kind a fair one time in either Europe or America. The first hing will be consolidated assignments as a training will be read to a retail, 60 per cent, less thin actual cost, as the entire actate of these great bankrupt firms must be settled up within alway fays. The stock consists of goods for men, wouten, bors, girls and infants, comprising Goods, Ladie' and Misses' Noits and Clocke, Dolfs, Toys, Holf-day Goods, Silver-Plated Ware, Rubber Goods, Lowelly, Towels and more than 100,000 other goods we have not space to mention here. This monster consolidated assignee's sale will commence Monday, Nov. 26, at 3 o'clock, in the two large double buildings 640 and 651 Broadway, between Bisecker and Third hire of the contract of the building has been only intered for the or the property of the purious for the product of the surface of the building fast been only intered for the contract of the building fast been only intered for the contract of the purious contracts.

FORMAL OPENING OF THEIR NEW SEXTER MAX STADLER & CO.

SUPERIOR CLOTHING

ONE-THIRD ORIGINAL VALUE. SPECIAL NOTICE TO CLOTHING BUYERS

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3.775 MEN'S KERSEY OVERCOATS. all colors, elegantly trimmed, Velvet Collars, WORTH \$30

WE HAVE SELECTED 5.157 MEN'S ELECANT OVERCOATS.

of the best Foreign and Domestic Woollens, comprising Kerseys, Chinchillas, Whitneys, Montagnacs, Wide Wales, Diagonals, &c., silk and satin lined, &c., previously sold at \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$45, and RE-

\$15.00 Fifteen Dollars. \$15.00 CUT DOWN: OUR CHEVIOT SUITS.

previously sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25, REDUCED to Ten Dollars. \$10.00 Also MEN'S CORKSCREW SUITS, previously sold at \$20,

\$25 and \$30, REDUCED to \$10.00 A HACK AT HIGH GRADE SUITS Thousands of Men's Fine Suits of the finest Woollens manufactured

by us to sell at \$35, \$45 and \$50, REDUCED during this sale to \$15.00 Fifteen Dollars.

ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME do we offer our HIGH GRADE SUITS and OVERCOATS at the ABOVE PRICES.

NOW IS THE TIME to get a first-class ULSTER at little cost. We have a few hundred marked to sell at \$20, \$25 and \$30, REDUCED to \$10.00 DURING THIS SALE. MEN'S PEA JACKETS and VESTS, previously sold at \$8,

\$10 and \$12, REDUCED to

CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS. Elegant Garments, formerly sold at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00, now marked \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00. CHILDREN'S SUITS.

4 to 14 years, in Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres, Cheviots, Diagonals, Tricots, Corkscrews, &c., formerly \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00; now marked \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

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has been so unparalleled that we have decided to SELL DIRECTLY TO THE PUBLIC. We can please you in Price. We can please you in Style.

Our Prices range from **\$8 TO \$350.**

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White Slaves of New York. NELL NELSON'S EXPERIENCE.

OUIDA

LAUGHS AT MEN'S DRESS.

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